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J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

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POETRY.

[From the Pityone.]

Melancholy Reflections.

When pensive evening shakes the soot
From off her dusky wings—
When Luna on the lake below
A mist of moonshine flings—
I love to linger on the shore
And muse awhile alone,
Lending a listening ear unto
The night-winds solemn moan.

It mourns above the darkness tomb
Of just departed day;
It seems to tell that all things fair
Must quickly pass away;
It seems to tell that I'm a child,
To care and sorrow born,
And that no pleasure can be found,
Except it's "in a horn."

The owl sits and mourns, meanwhile,
Within yon hollow tree;
It mourns, perhaps, for children dead
Perhaps it mourns for me;
But let it mourn for what it may—
Because it's cursed or blest—
Myself doth mourn because I see
Nature in mourning dressed.

The breeze that brushes o'er the lake,
And wakes its tranquil rest,
Is like one thought that oft disturbs
The calmness of my breast;
It is the thought that I must soon
Within the ground be hid,
Nor be as one I used to see,
Nor do I used to die!

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

MACHINE POETRY.

The loud wind roared, the thunder rolled,
Fierce lightning split the sky;
And all the west seemed fringed with gold,
As I was reaping rye.
I laid my sickle down to view
The grand and awful scene,
But I didn't stay to see it through—
Oh no, I wasn't to green!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Notion.

LAUNCH OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The launch of this fine frigate, yesterday morning attracted an immense concourse of spectators. The day was not particularly warm or bright, as an envious sea-fog made its appearance at an early hour. Towards the time for the launching of the frigate, the fog lifted, and the city, with its spires and chimneys, the heights of Charlestown with its crowning monument, the villages of Chelsea and East Boston, dotted here and there with clumps of foliage, were clothed with a soft warm mist, that enhanced their picturesque effect. But the eye was attracted from the surrounding scenery to dwell upon the water, the surface of which was covered with craft of every description, from the stately frigate riding at anchor, to the diminutive cock-boat, with its curious and excited crew. From a position near the ship-house, looking seaward, you beheld the gallant Independence lifting on high her tall and taper spars with all their tracery of cordage, while farther off, loomed through the fog the giant hull of the Ohio. Nearer by, fast moored to the pier, is the Columbus. Here floats the naval apprentices' brig, a trim built craft, in apple-pie order, decked in the gay colors of different nations, manned by sturdy young tars, and gladdened by the presence of some of our loveliest ladies, all on tiptoe with expectation of the coming spectacle. "Give way, boys!" Here comes a boat with a crew of stalwart men-of-war-men, their white jackets showing off their manly forms, as they bend to their oars, and their swift prow cleaves the waters like an arrow. And look there! What boat is that, painted completely black, with a crew of active blue-jackets, and officers in blue and gold? The blood-red flag of England floats over her—and the officer in command is Captain Ryrie of the Acadia. Glance at the interior of the ship-house—it is crowded to the roof, and a dense mass of spectators are there congregated, among which, you can distinguish the gay and graceful dresses of a host of ladies. What if the sun is wrapped in a cloud? there are bright eyes enough to light up the scene, and give it grace and attraction, were the weather twice as cloudy.

As the period for launching the vessel approached, the flotilla of sail and row-boats was drawn up in two lines, on each side of the course, which it was presumed the frigate would take on descending from the ways. Certain green individuals from the country, who had never been upon the water, and were trying to smoke long pipes without looking poorly, now began to show symptoms of nervousness in evident anticipation of a capsize, and being swallowed up by the watery element, or the devouring frigate. The sound of sledges was heard at intervals from the ship-house—all else was silence, save when some leggy boat made a splash in coming into line. All eyes—all spectacles were directed toward the ship-house. At length the exclamation, "She comes! she comes!" passed from boat to boat, and at precisely twenty minutes past eleven, the frigate began to move. Without a sound, without an interruption, the Cumberland glided on from her cradle to

the deep. The water parted, slightly foaming from her stern, as she swam forward steady and free into the element, which is destined, we trust, to bear her safely for many a year to come. She ran, perhaps, one-fourth of the distance to East Boston before her motion ceased, and she was brought up by her anchor. A gentleman near us in a bell-topped hat, and gambrone pantaloons, remarked tersely and quietly, that she "slipped ahead like greased lightning." The boats now crowded round her, and nautical men expressed their admiration at her symmetry, and the beauty of her model. Not an accident occurred to mar the spectacle—and thus the Cumberland was welcomed to the salt water under the happiest auspices.

After the razeed Independence has been taken into the dry dock and coppered, which will be done immediately, she will be replaced there by the Cumberland, which will be coppered, and after being sparred, will be at once fitted for sea.

THE DAUGHTER OF BOZZARIS.

One of the ladies of honor to the Queen was the daughter of Marco Bozzaris, whose perfect beauty rarely have I seen rivalled. Her features were beautifully classic, and bear as I was informed, a striking resemblance to those of her illustrious father, a heritage, of which, with his immortal name, she may well be proud. His many attributes of courage, dogged resolution and perseverance even under defeat, seem, with his sword to have descended to his son, who is a noble looking young officer, and to judge from appearance, a worthy successor of his sire; while the gentler qualities of his head and heart, which so endeared him in the domestic circle, have with his personal beauty, legitimately fallen to his daughter. These are their only inheritance, for Bozzaris died poor. One of my companions, fascinated like myself with her peculiar beauty, and demi Grecian costume, succeeded in drawing her into conversation in Italian, in which language she seemed more *au fait* than in the French. She spoke of her father, and her eyes sparkled as she did so. She said she knew we were the countrymen of Halleck, who had written some stanzas in memory of her father; that she was learning English (though slowly, as she had no teacher) that she might read them in the original. It would be gratifying to Mr. Halleck to know that this charming girl, with all the frankness and naive imagination, declared she had an ardent desire to go to America expressly to see him. She spoke of several American gentlemen who had visited her mother at Missolonghi at a time when they were comparatively destitute, and dwelt with much satisfaction upon that visit; for though unable to converse with them, she was happy in the knowledge that her father's name was known and revered so far beyond the confines of Greece.

She was then asked to dance, and seemed almost offended that every one did not know that a true Greek girl never dances except with her own sex. When she threw off the fez, she said, she would throw modesty aside, and learn to waltz; but not till then. A distinction was insisted on between waltzing and dancing, but she would recognize none. The music for the everlasting mazurka now stopped, and a grand march succeeded as the finale of the evening. In this to my astonishment, she took the hand of my companion and followed in the wake of the Queen. Some of our party called on her the following day, which served only to confirm the evening's impressions.—*Dr. Mott's Travels.*

READING.

Of all the amusements which can be imagined for a hard working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting book, supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or, at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading, be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation.—Something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and shield against its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown on me, it would be a taste for reading.

See J. HERSCHL.

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE.

"How beautiful and how touching the contrast! The shattered oak and the twining vine are the apt emblems. The one indicative of youth, freshness and beauty—the other of age, decay, and the perils of a long existence. The rosy girl and the decrepit grandmother—the one joyous as a bird, and bounding away like a winged creature—the other with a thin faltering voice, and steps that totter onward to the grave.

We have thus the two great points of existence before us—the beginning and the end—the morning and the evening—the 'rosy dawn' and the 'dusky twilight.' How sunny are the visions of childhood!—how buoyant its expectations! How green and glorious the fancied paths beyond! Like the fairy landscape whose choicest charms live only to the eye of a distant observer—so with the radiant pictures which youth sketches upon the imagined pages of coming time. How few will bear the test of reality, the closer, keener glance of steady observation. It is well that it is so. It is well that youth looks through an enchanted glass, that it sees in the distance the green hill tops and bright flowers, and not the pitfalls and thorny paths that chequer the ways of existence.

And old age! Must it look back for hope and for joy? Oh! no. Even to the duldest—the dimmest vision, there is to the Christian spirit, a golden clime beyond—a sunny realm, where new robes await the faithful, a new existence, and new joys, and where the aches, and the feebleness, and the furrows of age, shall give place to immortality, and all its holy and heavenly attributes."

THE LION IN THE GREEN ROOM.

While the new drama, "The Lion of the Desert," was being rehearsed at the Bowery Theatre, the principal actor in the piece, the king of beasts, transcended his sphere of action, by marching through the back of one of the scenes unobserved by his keeper, and availing himself of his professional privilege, by strutting into the green room. Mrs. Foster, who happened to be the only member of the company at the time in the green room, (the rest being all engaged on the stage, in the rehearsal of a scene,) was sitting in one corner of the room reading over her part when his majesty unceremoniously made his appearance there. This lady succeeded in making her escape, and giving the alarm to those on the stage. A great scrambling for the nearest boxes and orchestra, immediately ensued, in which, we regret to say, several ladies were ungallantly left by the gentlemen to take care of themselves. Herr Driesbach came promptly to the rescue, and found the lion contemplating his majestic person in a full length mirror, seemingly debating within himself the expediency of giving instant battle to his imperial shadow; but like another great character that we have recently heard of, he so astonished himself, that he actually endeavored to run away from his own presence. After two or three ineffectual attempts to make a descent from the windows, upon Elizabeth street, he was secured by his master, and reduced to obedience. Perhaps there can be no better illustration of the perfect command which Herr Driesbach has over these remarkably well trained animals, than the address with which he recaptured the fugitive beast; who on hearing the authoritative words of his tamer, instantly crouched at his feet, and suffered himself to be reconducted to his den.—[N. Y. Courier.

ANECDOTE OF THE LAST WAR.

It will be recollected that the U. S. Frigate Constitution, Captain Stewart, having eluded the British squadron in the bay, was chased into Marblehead by two frigates.—The approach of the enemy was so near that it was first supposed they would follow her into the harbor; and when they hauled off to the eastward, it was supposed with a view to call to their aid, the Bulwark, (74,) then near, in order to render the destruction of Old Ironsides more easy and certain. Thus threatened with an attack, the people of Marblehead sent to Salem to the Major General of the Militia of that division, for assistance in repelling it. It was sabbath morning and nearly all the people of Salem were at church when the messenger arrived. One of the officers of the Salem regiment of infantry, a member of Mr. Bentley's church, was sent for at the church in the midst of the sermon, and he immediately went up to the pulpit and told the preacher the news. As little concerted as though a child, at his call, had been brought up for baptism, Mr. Bentley announced the purport of the message to his congregation.—"Brethren," said he, "the country is invaded. The Constitution, Capt. Stewart, has been chased into Marblehead. Our brethren have sent for troops to help them to defend her and their town. We can preach and hear the gospel at another time; and thus dismissed the assembly. The enemy

kept his safe distance, and the Salem troops did not have occasion to go over in force.—Many individuals went over, and among them the Rev. Mr. Bentley, who was found with the Marblehead artillery, posted on the "head" of a brave promontory seeming almost to overhang the Constitution, as she lay at anchor with spring upon her cables, ready, if the enemy should come in, to pay him in the metallic currency for his temerity. As the Marblehead and Salem banks paid specie through the war, and as Old Ironsides dealt largely in the constitutional currency, the soldiers could have no excuse to have done otherwise. How powerful upon the young soldier must have been the influence of such a clergyman as the Rev. Mr. Bentley. How delightful the associations connected with the memory of his bright example.

A GHOST STORY.

The widow of governor Starke soon after his death, went with her daughter, Miss Starke (the authoress of the "Widow of Malabar") and her niece to pass the winter at Nice. Soon after their arrival at Nice, Miss Starke dreamed that her father came to her bedside, withdrew the curtain, seated himself on the bed, told her not to be alarmed, and went on to instruct her as follows:—"On the Thursday of next week a packet will arrive at the post office, addressed to your mother—go you to the office and receive it—open the outward cover, enclose the contents in another paper, and direct and forward them to Mr. —, or the Inner Temple." Her father, or whatever it was, then withdrew. Miss Starke was greatly disturbed, which was evident to her cousin when they met at breakfast, who endeavored to tranquilize her with usual arguments. Finding, however, that the subject had made so deep an impression, she said, "Let us go to the post-office on Thursday and the absence of the packet will convince you that the whole is an idle dream." To the post-office these young ladies went, and there found the packet arrived—half an hour later it would have been in the hands of Mrs. Starke. Miss Starke had no hesitation in doing as she had been directed, but opened the packet and forwarded the contents to the Inner Temple. The return of the post brought her a letter from the family lawyer, complimenting her on the extraordinary sagacity and caution she had shown in sending the papers to him—for had her mother executed the deeds sent to her, the utter ruin of her family would have been the consequence.—[Sporting Review.

QUARRYING STONES.

"Another remarkable example of the contribution of science to the arts of life, is derived from the properties of heat, as applied in the East to quarrying blocks of stone when the object is to excavate huge blocks from the surrounding mass. A groove is cut some two inches in depth in the required direction. This done, the groove is filled with fuel, which is kept lighted until the rock is highly heated. The rock then is of course expanded by the action of the heat; the fuel is then swept away, and cold water immediately poured into the groove. The sudden contraction causes the block instantly to split off. The principle is daily exhibited on our tables. If a heated glass be suddenly filled with cold water, it immediately breaks in pieces. In this way blocks eighty feet long and six thick are easily taken off with no other labour than of chiseling out the groove.

A similar example of the application of science to the economy of power is exhibited in France in the quarrying of millstones. They are required as you are well aware to be circular and flat—cylinders with a very small altitude compared with the diameter and the stone from which they are made is exceedingly hard. The mode of quarrying them is this.—A very high circular column of stones is wrought out of the requisite diameter. To slices of portions of this such as are required, by the common stone saw, would be a work of immense labor. A quite different agent is employed. At regular successive distances, grooves are cut around the column, into which are driven dry wooden wedges at evening. The dew which falls during the night being absorbed by the wood causes it to expand with a power so irresistible that all the stones are found properly cracked off in the morning.—*Dr. Lardner.*

THINK OF IT.—A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned at me, and called me a 'drawing dolt.'"

"Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird, "always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

On Thursday, the 12th inst, says the Lewis County N. Y. 'Republican,' in the absence of Capt. Noble Phelps, residing at High Falls on Black River, his son, a lad of five years old, was amusing himself in his father's skiff, which was usually kept fastened a few rods above the falls. The person however who had last used the boat, had neglected to secure it, and before there was any apprehension of danger, the lad's mother discovered the boat drifting from shore towards the main channel of the river with her son in it. The alarm was immediately given and brought Mr. J. Lewis Church to the spot in time to see the boat drop from the first rapid of the falls, apparently in a direction to bring it to the western pier of the bridge which stands directly on the brow of an abrupt precipice of sixty-three feet.—Mr. Church leaped over the railing and dropped down upon the slope of the pier in the hope of reaching the boat, as it passed on the impetuous current, with a hook with which he was provided. At this critical moment the boat was caught by a whirling eddy and thrown diagonally towards the precipice in the direction of the eastern pier. The heart of the distracted mother seemed to sink without hope. Mr. C. begged a young man who was on the bridge to spring for the eastern pier, but he declining the task, Mr. C. with the speed of thought regained the bridge, and throwing himself, at no small peril, on the eastern pier, reached it at the last moment that human agency could be of any avail; he immediately grappled the boat with his hook, and deliberately securing it, he, with the assistance of Mr. H. Turner, handed the boy up to his overjoyed mother.

INDIAN RETRIBUTION.

An event took place at Prairie Du Chien, last week, which strongly marks the savage character. Two Indians of the Winnebago nation, quarreled, upon which one stabbed the other to the heart; he made almost superhuman efforts to escape, but the moment his pursuers touched him, he surrendered and walked back, and seated himself upon the dead body, without once attempting to escape. The relatives of the dead Indian placed him upon the body, when several gentlemen interfered in behalf of the captive, and requested that he might be allowed to go, because he was not so much in fault as the other. They were answered, "if white men" would pay fifteen dollars to the mother of the deceased, he might go, otherwise he must die. This condition not being complied with, he was doomed. During this negotiation, the savage sat upon the body of his foe, smoking his pipe, perfectly indifferent as to the issue, and when told he must die, he deliberately removed his pipe, giving the usual "Ugh." His executioner then stepped behind him, and with a single blow of the hatchet, severed the right arm at the shoulder; upon this the Indian resumed his pipe, and began to smoke as if nothing had happened; in a short time the executioner, with a blow, severed the left arm. The Indian still retained his upright position, not a muscle of his face changing; a third across the small of the back brought him to the ground; even then the countenance wore the same cold and stoic impression. He was, however, cut to pieces by the relatives of the dead man. This was an instance of Indian retribution and savage fortitude.—*Dubuque Express.*

EXTRACT FROM 'DOW, JR.'

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon women—there is no living with them and he can't live without them. He will run after them—and, rather than be held, he will loose his coat-tail and character—kisses them for love, and then kicks them for leading him into trouble.—So with life, I say—he partakes of its pleasures and then damns it for its pains, gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars,—which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was then told to increase and multiply; and so he accordingly increased his cares, and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition!—and I am one of 'em."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SUN AND MOON.—Dr. Lardner, in the course of his recent lectures on Astronomy, in N. York, by way of placing the difference between the light of the Sun and that of the Moon in a more striking view, remarked that it would require the presence of 300,000 full moons, at the same time in the firmament, to make the night as light as day! What a turn out of moons that would be! After all, however, the difference is but light.—*Albany Advertiser.*

The Tattler says, among the lions which have lately arrived at N. York is a dog with six legs and two tails.